

I Bet

by Marcoyounger

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Summary: A Kagehina story: Kageyama's stupid enough to take Tsukishima's bet, dragging along Hinata for the ride. It gets out of control.

1. Chapter 1

I Bet

Part 1

Kageyama's pov

Tsukishima is the devil.

>"Waah~ Kageyama I've never seen you so red!" My glare quickly moves to the way-too-pleased Hinata sitting beside me, who's giggling himself to death at my misery.<p>

I'm going to kill both of them. "Shut up! It's a perfectly normal thing!" I growl, but it has no effect. Tsukishima's smug smile turns to an outright evil grin and Hinata just falls backward on the gym floor and keeps laughing. I don't know who to glare at more.

"Yeah, it's totally normal for a fifteen year-old." Tsukishima says, voice dripping in that heavy sarcasm he has mastered.

I don't know why this is so funny to them. "It is! Plenty of freshmen have never dated anyone."

"Maybe true, but everyone's at least kissed someone by now. What were you doing in middle school?" The yellow-eyed devil has no mercy.

"Volleyball; what else!" I shout immediately, in defense of myself. I mean, it is true.

Tsukishima actually facepalms himself and groans at my retort. I don't think I've ever seen him this animated. "This is pure gold. You're too easy, king. You take all of the challenge out of this." Hinata's now snorting as he laughs, rolling onto his side so his back is to me.

I can feel myself only getting more flustered, but I refuse to give in to the two assholes. "I don't know what the big deal is; it's just a kiss! It's not like I'm never going to kiss someone, I just haven't had the right... arrangement."

"Oh god- he called it an arrangement- that's so Kageyama- I can't even-" That's all Hinata manages to spit out before he starts spurting laughter again, holding his side.

"I mean, even chibi-freak over there has kissed someone. You do realize he's one-upped you?" Damn devil, with his wicked grin. He knows just how to get me.

And somehow, the fact that Hinata had advanced further in romantic advances than me does piss me off. It must have shown on my face, cause Tsukishima looks much too pleased with himself. I grit my teeth. "If you two don't shut the fu-"

"Boys! Were locking up, so on your feet!" It comes from Sugawara-san, so I shoot one last death-glare at Tsukishima before getting up and kicking Hinata in the back. He rolls on the floor whining about brutality while I pick up my bag, and Yamaguchi calls to his devil from the gym doors. I pick up Hinata's bag and drop it on his lap as he continues grumbling and rubbing the small of his back.

Tsukishima stands, and almost turns to leave before he gets another wicked look in his eyes again and faces me. "Oi King, I'll make you a bet."

I narrow my eyes, but it's in my nature to never turn down a challenge. I cross my arms, ready for whatever card he has to play. Losing to Hinata is one thing. Letting Tsukishima win is almost as bad. "Fine."

He looks too happy for me to be comfortable. "I bet you can't kiss..." He looks thoughtful for a second, and it's the vilest thing I've ever seen. "...someone of my choosing."

"That's way too vague." I snort, clenching my fists harder. I won't let how fast my heart is beating show.

Hinata finally stands up beside me, looking between us. "You should probably be careful, Kageyama." He mutters, actually looking worried for my sake.

Tsukishima smiles at that, but ignore it. "It's someone you know. Someone who... you probably wouldn't hate kissing."

"Still too vague! I can't take a bet like that! What if you dare me to kiss Kiyoko-san or something?"

He just keeps smiling. "It's not Kiyoko-san. You'll be able to do it, I promise."

Hinata is shifting on his feet. "This is a bad idea. And Daichi-san is going to kill us if we don't listen to Sugawara-san and leave."

I keep glaring at him, trying to see what he's planning. I can't think of any person in particular that he'd set me up with, but I know that I shouldn't take this bet.

When I don't answer, he says "Come on King; it's just a little kiss. You scared or something?"

He's baiting me, it's obvious. But he is right. It's just a kiss. A quick second of lip contact and I get a win on the devil.

It's tempting.

He seems to hear what I'm thinking. "You know what- you have it too easy. Let's make this harder. How about... at least 15 seconds of tongue."

Hinata answers before I can. "Hell no! That's way too harsh of a bet!"

He just chuckles and adjusts his bag. "I know. The king wouldn't do something so improper. He couldn't handle it; that's the whole point of this." He gives us one last look. "It was fun playing with you, king." And with that, he starts walking to Yamaguchi.

He only walks for two seconds before my mouth is open. "Fine. Just tell me who and how long I have."

"Kageyama!" Hinata looks horrified for me. He grabs my arm and twists me toward him. "You're being an idiot!"

I pull away from him. "I'll be fine, moron. So shut up." He looks like he wants to say more, but Tsukishima speaks first.

"You have till Monday."

It's Friday, which means I only have the weekend. "That's ridiculous." I snort, but he just continues smirking.

"Don't worry; the weekend is plenty of time. Hell, you could do it tonight if you wanted."

I bite my lip, wanting to argue with his empty reasoning, but I've already agreed to this and I can't back down now. I'll figure it out and do what I have to do to beat him. "You haven't told me who."

"Ah, since you're so eager to know..." He stops speaking for and coughs into his hand for effect. He looks ecstatic to deliver the punchline, and his yellow eyes are practically glowing. "I'm letting you off easy, since you're stupid enough to fall for my taunts."

I have to bite back the rage rolling on my tongue. I can feel my eyes go wide with the intent to murder. "Just spit it out, before I strangle you."

He chuckles again. "Sorry, it's just too good." He puts a hand over his heart and sighs happily. "But okay okay, you're right." Another

breath. He closes his eyes for a minute, and then lifts up his hand. At first I think he's pointing at me, like he's being dramatic. And then I realize-

That he's pointing beside me.

At... Hinata.

"You two are already in love, so it shouldn't be that bad of a dare." He puts down his hand. "Make-out with carrot-head this weekend, and you win. Be safe, kids. Don't get too crazy." And with an evil wink aimed at both of us, he turns and continues walking to Yamaguchi.

Even after they're gone, neither of us have moved.

I can't look at him. I can't move. I can't think.

I walked right in to it. I should have known that Tsukishima would do something like that. I don't know what I expected, anyway. It should have been obvious when he said I could even do it tonight.

God, why did I agree to it. He was leaving when I said fine. It would have been forgotten in a week.

And now...

Fuck.

2. Chapter 2

Hinata's pov

We've been standing in silence for way too long. I finally give in and take a glance at him, and he's staring at the doors that Tsukishima left through, looking frozen in mortification. It makes my gut twist, but I swallow and make myself speak.

"Told you it was a bad idea."

I see him swallow, but it takes a second before he does anything. And he doesn't even look at me. Just stares at the ground and turns red. "No shit." The words sound painful for him.

Somehow I bark out a laugh at that, even though this situation is making me feel like I'm being punched in the gut. I feel like opening my mouth and coming up with a good come back, but I draw a complete blank and feel my throat freeze.

There's another second of silence before we're targeted by Daichi-san, who shoos us out of the gym. Like a pair of zombies, we follow the order without looking at each other, again. I almost expect him to race away from me, but he keeps in step with me. We usually walk and argue or sometimes race to the bike racks, though he doesn't even ride his bike home. I keep thinking he'll leave me early this time, but he's still walking with me in silence. It's late so it's dark out, and Daichi-san and Sugawara-san's voices are getting more distant behind us.

God, this is bad. I can practically feel him freaking out. Probably wants to run away from me or punch me or something.

But this totally wasn't my fault. Despite how loud I am, Kageyama has just as big of a mouth in the right situation. He's surprisingly easy to rile up for someone who's supposed to be "cool". I would snicker at the fact that he'd totally kick my ass if I said that out loud, but the atmosphere is way too heavy for that.

But really? Taking a bet to freaking kiss someone? What a moron.

And it had to involve me, of course. Why the hell was I always stuck with this guy?! I feel my face turn beat red at the situation we were in.

At the thought of Kageyama having to... kiss me.

Holly fuck, Kageyama's going to... kiss me.

I'm going to be kissed by... Kageyama?

... Kageyama and me... making out for 15 seconds...

...

"Stop that!" He's spinning in front of me and shoving me back into a wall before I can get out of my own head.

"What- I'm not doing anything!" I screech at him, ready to push back. I feel the panic building in my gut at the fact that I had in fact been thinking about us making out. But then I see his face and I feel my hands freeze against his jersey.

Because I've never seen Kageyama look like this. He's completely flushed, teeth gritted, and his eyes almost look watery in the light coming from a window to our right. The embarrassment is pooling off of him like it's killing him.

His voice trembles when he talks. "You're freaking blushing! Stop thinking about it!"

I can't move. Seeing him like that was making my chest burn. Though my head is blank, I feel the words tumbling out of my mouth. "I- I can't help it!" He flinches at my voice. It makes my chest tighten even more, and I feel my eyes widen. "This is your fault! You freaking dumbass!" God, my voice is just as bad as his.

"I- I didn't know it was you!" We're too close, and I feel my hands tightening in his jersey but failing to shove him away.

The distress is overwhelming me, and it comes out in my voice. "Doesn't matter! You don't ever take a bet to make out with someone!"

His hand slams down over my mouth, eyes lightening up again. "Don't say it!" The blush is painting the bridge of his nose and cheeks a deep red, and it seems to get deeper with every time someone speaks.

My own blush is completely overtaking my face, and I rip his hand

from my mouth. I feel my lips part, but I have no idea what to say, so all that comes out is tortured stuttering. "I- y-you freaking- this is so- I can't-"

"Shut up!" We're both being way too loud, just shouting back and forth. Our voices sound like we should be crying. And I feel like I should be fucking crying, with this weird ass gut wrenching emotion swirling in my body. I realize we're both shaking as well, and that I'm still gripping the hand that I ripped from my mouth. I feel my fingers squeeze his and both of our hands wrap into each other's jerseys, like if we hold on harder our hands will stop quivering.

This is pathetic.

This is terrifying.

There's a short moment where we're both quiet enough to hear our strangled breathing, and it only makes the situation feel even worse. I grit my teeth at him, eyes wanting to close but I can't stop staring back at him. "Fucking Kageyama!"

I watch him struggle to get words out. "You- I-I-" I've never seen him so worked up. I'm also sure I've never been this worked up either, to be fair. "I'm- I didn't mean for this to-"

I cut him off. "Well it's happening!" I can't take it. I finally push him off, rushing to get away from him and almost tripping on the curb. I can't look at him, but I shout anyway. "I'm going home! And don't expect me to come running to you if we're really going to do this!" I can't look at him.

"_**Hinata**_" He's completely horrified at my acknowledgement of the situation, again.

"_It's your fault_" My voice is high pitched, and just as horrified. I stumble and walk as quickly as I can without breaking into a run to get away from him.

"_Stupid Hinata_" He shouts after me, voice cracking.

"You're the stupid one! It's your fucking bet!" Is all I can shout back.

"_Grah_" Is the last thing that I hear from him as I turn the corner and finally let myself break out into a full on run to the bike racks. My hands are shaking and my heart is pounding as I unlock my bike, fingers fumbling in my rush to get away even though I know he's not following me. I don't calm down the entire ride home.

Because he didn't say we weren't doing it.

Which meant... we were.

3. Chapter 3

Kageyama's pov

I'm laying on my bed and all I can think is-

I hate him. I hate him so much.

And I hate this feeling. I don't even know what the hell this feeling is, only that it's pulsing through my body and scattering my mind. It makes my hands shake and my heart is going on a rampage.

I've never felt like this.

Volleyball excited me to the point of trembling, but this isn't exactly excitement. More like utter terror.

All at the thought of kissing him.

The worst part is I can't calm down. I can hardly breath. And I can't stop thinking about it, though my mind feels blank at the same time. I don't know what the fuck is happening to me, all over a stupid little kiss with him.

But it's not really little or stupid, is it. It's making out with Hinata, my teammate, my rival, the bane of my existence, the guy who was always there lately, the guy I find myself always being either chased by or I'm chasing after him, the guy I'm always thinking about-

I don't think I can do it. I couldn't even talk about it with him. It was hard to even look at him, turning bright red like that and being completely overwhelmed. With that stupid big mouth of his that just kept opening.

There's no way I can do it.

There's no way I can just freaking make out with him. He's my "freak-toss" partner, the only guy who's ever had the reflexes and trust to handle my toss. I can't mess that up by ruining whatever we have going on between us because of a stupid bet.

And with the way he reacted to me just now, making out with him would definitely destroy our teamwork. We'd be too awkward with each other to even look at each other ever again. With anyone else it would have been fine, we'd get over it. But it's Hinata-

It had to be Hinata.

I can't stop picturing his bright red face and vivid eyes, the sound of his strangled voice as he yelled at me, the way he was clutching my hand and shaking. I feel my own hands clench at just remembering him like that, even though it happened an hour ago.

I stand up in my room and snatch the volleyball I usually mess with when I'm nervous for a game. But I have too much rabid energy inside me to just mess with it, so I grab a hoodie as well and head out, being quick and quiet so I don't disturb my family. It's really late, but it's a weekend and I can't think of another way to get rid of these feelings, so I head to the wall of the garage and spike the ball off of it as soon as I'm in range.

I hadn't done this in years. It's ridiculous that I even have to do this in the first place, but I keep smacking the ball too hard and darting after it anyways. And I keep going, spiking and running,

spiking and running.

I think about our newer volleyball plays. I think about the games we've had recently. I even make up situations in my head and try to think of plays that would suit the situation best.

But it's not working at all. Because Hinata's always there, the person who I toss to when we want to amaze our enemies. Because he's amazing.

The escape I usually run to is always volleyball. If I'm feeling worked up, I can always calm down by thinking about volleyball.

But not this time.

I try to think of my old team, of being in a different team, or the team without him. But all I'm really thinking about is how he spikes the ball differently than I am right now, how he runs after it differently, how he dived after it and hit the wall in the game we'd played against each other in middle school. How he had _flown _after it, when his setter messed up the toss. How his eyes look when we're in the middle of a game, how he looks at me when he desperately wants a toss, how he roars at our opponents, how he jumps and screams when we win, how he fly's with his hand ready to smack the ball I'm giving to him-

Hinata's blinding.

I throw the ball up in the air for another spike except I miss it on the way down, and I scramble to pick it up but end up falling to my knees on the driveway.

God, he's amazing.

Even out of the games, he's amazing. Annoying me and patronizing me, always being too loud and too energetic. The way he gets when he's nervous and even the way he looks at me when he's terrified of how much he's pissed me off. The way he get's when he's having too much fun if he get's a shot in at me or manages to be clever. How he's just as competitive as I am, roaring my name if I'm ahead of him in a race. His exhausted grin when he wins me.

I push my palms against my eyes, wanting to die. I can't stop myself from imaging grabbing him, leaning in, pressing my lips into his-

He's killing me.

4. Chapter 4

Hinata's pov

This clock is freaky. It's a cat's head, with a swinging tail. Who thought of that, and why did we buy it?

>I can't stop looking at it.<p>

I groan as I look back to my TV to realize I've died again in the game I'm playing. I turn back to the clock and glare at it accusingly. "Stupid cat head!"

It just keeps swinging its tail at me. I feel the urge to throw something at it, but realize that would be stupid.

"Hinata, you hungry?" I hear from outside my room. As it so happens, I should be hungry 'cause I haven't eaten anything today. Except I'm not. Instead, my stomach is twisting like I'd throw up if I tried to eat anything, so I shout a no thank you.

>I try to focus on the game again, which is Batman: Arkham City. I've been trying to beat this museum arc for the past hour, and I keep dying since I'm not being careful enough about not getting shot by thugs. I'm usually a lot better at sneaking around and taking them out one by one, but I keep getting seen.<p>

I growl and give up entirely after 10 minutes of repeating the same mistakes. As I lay back on my floor, I find myself staring at the clock again.

It's already 6, and he hasn't come yet. Then again, it is only Saturday. He's probably planning on coming on Sunday anyway.

If he comes at all.

I don't know if he will. I imagine it would be easier for him to handle Tsukishima's victory rather than making out with me.

I can't even imagine us being able to do it. Judging from last night, we'd both be freaking out at the fact that we were even looking at each other. And he'd have to lean in, press into me, part our lips, slide his tongue against mine-

I start rolling on the floor, hands ripping at my hair. _Fucking. Stop. Thinking about it._

No, nope. There was no way. Not Kageyama and me. Nope. We couldn't do that. We couldn't be like that. He'd never want to do something like that with me. I'd never want to do something like that with him!

He was Kageyama. Brooding, pouting, dumb Kageyama. Who yells at me every chance he gets; criticizes everything I do. Never satisfied and can't enjoy anything.

Well, except a meat bun. The guy seems to like meat buns. He looks funny when he has one stuffed in his mouth.

And volleyball. I don't think I'll ever meet someone who loves volleyball more than Kageyama, except maybe myself. _Maybe_.

And the way he smiles at me when we score a point in a tight situation, the smile that's completely different from his creepy-planning-smile. The smile that's excited and overjoyed, that lights up in his eyes and makes his entire being just fucking shine.

Okay, so maybe he wasn't always all that bad. But most of the time, he just sucks.

Well... that's not _really_ true either, if I'm being honest with myself. I kind of think teasing Kageyama is almost as fun as volleyball. I don't think it's possible to have more fun arguing with

someone as much as it is with him.

And lately, I kind of crave our interactions. When I'm in a group project or something, I've caught myself imagining Kageyama yelling at me if he were part of the group. At home, I can imagine Kageyama giving me shit over dying too many times in games. I can imagine him making fun of the way I sleep.

Oh wait, he has done that, when we sleep next to each other during volleyball training days, and on the bus.

Stupid Kageyama. You should see your own stupid sleeping face.

I jump up and decide to eat despite my queasy feeling in my gut, because I'm sick of thinking about him. For a while, I'm glad to be away from the cat head clock. I kill time doing the dishes and chatting with everyone who comes into the kitchen. Then I run my usual trail, deciding I don't care if Kageyama shows up and I'm not home. I come back after only 20 minutes rather than my usual 40. Then I take a shower and end up back on my bed.

He's not coming.

He probably hates the thought of kissing me. Probably thinks it's disgusting. I mean, we're both guys, so of course he'd be thinking like that. He'd never want anything to do with me when it comes to shit like that.

"Gah!" I roll over, shoving my face in my pillow. This heavy feeling is so not me. I don't think about shit like this.

I don't think about him like that.

I don't think about kissing him.

But... I kinda am.

Like how...he probably tastes good. He'd probably be too rough, like he's angry. He'd probably be dark red and embarrassed, but he'd act like it wasn't showing all over his face.

I'd hate it.

Like how I hate that I can't stop thinking about what it would be like to kiss him.

And how I hate that I think I might enjoy it.

Sharp painful feelings start stabbing me in the chest at the confession in my own head, and I push my face deeper into the pillow, feeling it heat up like a volcano. This was Kageyama I was thinking about! Freaking Kageyama! I shouldn't want to kiss that asshole!

There was so many things wrong about imagining us in a scenario where he'd kiss me. First off, I've never even liked a boy! And I wouldn't like someone like Kageyama! The only reason I was thinking of him like this was because of Tsukishima's bet. I'd never think of kissing him otherwise.

...right?

I mean... there was that one time that I woke up on the bus before him. I'd been leaning into the window when I fell asleep, and I'd slid down the buss wall. Kageyama had fallen over on me completely, draped over my chest like a little kid. In my sleepy haze I was annoyed by it, and I remember grumbling his name and intending to push him off, but instead I found myself running my hands through his hair on accident. I remember being surprised and jealous of how soft and silky it was, and started to play with it instead of pushing him off me like I should have. I made two handfuls of it and pretended Kageyama had short little pigtails, and the dude looked ridiculous. I ended up cracking up laughing at how stupid he looked. At the sound, he frowned and snuggled into my shirt like he wasn't ready to be woken up yet, his hand digging into my shirt and brushing against my side. I remember blushing at how weird it felt and how freaking cute he looked when he did it, and I immediately pushed him up away from me and repositioned myself before he could realize how close we'd really been sleeping. He was grumpy with me for brutally waking him up the entire ride home, and I was flustered at the memory of his body snuggling into mine.

I didn't really think about kissing him then, but that memory was making me squirm against my pillow even now. I'd never felt someone get so comfortable against me like that, their weight on top of me. And I'd be lying if I said I was disgusted by how it felt to have Kageyama curl into me like that.

Point being that I didn't mind being that close to him in that sort of way. And there was the fact that thinking about kissing him right now was making me terrified yet... kind of... excited. And I couldn't ignore how distressed I was that he didn't show up today.

My train of thought was making me want to scream, so I do, into my pillow. Then I throw it across the room, almost hitting the cat head on accident. I wish I had. It only reminds me of how I haven't been able to sleep or focus ever since last night.

I turn on my TV and search for distractions. I hope I find a good one, 'cause I'd bet money that I wasn't going to get a lot of sleep tonight either.

Stupid freaking Kageyama.

5. Chapter 5

Kageyama's pov

Hinata's grabbing me by my jersey and pulling me way too close. "What the hell are you-"

"Shut up." Is all he says before he's tugging me down and kissing me.

...what?!

My body freezes up completely at the action, completely taken off guard. But he doesn't pull away.

And then-

Suddenly my body ignites, and I'm pushing us back into the lockers, grabbing his hair and tilting his head to get a better angle. Everything's getting out of control as he reacts eagerly and squirms against me. And there's tongue and he's saying
"_Kageyama_..."

"_Fuck_!" I shout, sitting up in bed and dragging my hands through my hair. My heart's pounding with a ferocity that makes it hard to breathe, as usual when it comes to thinking about Hinata ever since Friday night. But that was crossing the line.

What the fuck was that?! I manage to finally pass out and I have a fucking dream like _that_?!

"_Goddamnit_." I growl to myself, dragging a hand over my chest and feeling my heart race. I don't know why I'm thinking of him like that. He's my teammate, and a freaking _guy_. I shouldn't be having inappropriate dreams of us doing shit like that.

I wasn't even going through with the bet. I decided that the other night, when I realized I just couldn't do it and be the same with him on the court. And I don't want things between us to change.

I managed to spend all of Saturday doing homework and cleaning to stop myself from thinking about it. How successful I was is... debatable.

But having a dream about him... like that? Totally counter productive.

Fuck.

I get up, seeing it's 12. Okay, so I actually did get a good amount of sleep, shockingly. It doesn't help the fact that I feel like I didn't get any sleep at all. I get up and make breakfast. No one's home, so the house feels extra empty and quieter than usual. By the time I finish eating, the quiet is driving me insane, so I put on the TV without really watching it.

Weekends without volleyball practice are boring. I debate going to the recreational center downtown to play volleyball, but the chance of me stumbling upon a group to play with is low, so there's no real point. I'd spent all yesterday studying, and the thought of doing it again today sucks, so I don't.

Instead I take a shower, but don't bother to put on anything but sweats and a baggy sweater since I'm not doing anything. I lay on my couch again, scrolling through Netflix titles on our Xbox to find a movie to pass the time. Eventually I just end up picking the first Resident Evil movie, which I haven't seen since I was a kid.

Hours later, I'm still watching movies. Now Paranorman's on, because I picked one randomly. It's as good as anything else, but I'm not really watching it. Instead I'm staring outside my window, at the gray sky. It's not raining but it looks like it might soon.

I sigh, messing with the back of my remote. Maybe I should read that manga I picked from the library. It looked good, but I can't remember

where I put it in my room. It's probably on my desk, and I debate getting up to look for it.

Just as I pause the movie and move to get up, my door is pounded on. Four short but loud knocks.

I freeze, chest constricting.

But I'm able to shake it off, almost laughing at my reaction. There's no way it would be him.

But as I stand, my gut seems to drop to the floor and I feel my head go hazy. I move towards the door as if in a trance, making my feet move and ignoring how terrified I am. I grab the cool metal of the handle and make my hand turn it and pull it open-

And there he is-

The mailman.

"Hey there man-" His chipper voice comes to a stop and I realize I'm staring at him with wide blank eyes, probably freaking him the fuck out. I ease my gaze, realizing I got worked up for nothing, and he rubs his neck nervously. "I have this uh, package. Thought I'd bring it up to you instead of leaving it here just incase it rains. It's for-"

Just then, he comes riding around the corner, into view. He's peddling like a mad man, and as soon as his bike hits my grass he leaps off of it, hitting the ground at a run and zeroing in on me staring at him over the mailman's shoulder, going at full speed with his nose in the air and his hair flying backwards. He looks like an idiot. A fucking terrifying idiot, coming to kill me.

I slam the door immediately, not caring about the mailman anymore. And all I can think-

Why is he fucking here?!

He crashes into the other side of the door and starts pounding. **"**Kageyama**!** You moron! I can't believe you shut the door! Open it!"

Poor mailman. I can imagine him being extremely confused. "Um, I'm just going to leave this-"

"I'll make sure he gets it. Sorry about this." I hear him say, sounding winded and wound up. I can hear the apologetic grin he's sending at the stranger. And then he's immediately switching back to yelling at me again. "Kageyama! What are you, eight?!"

I'm instantly bristling at that. Is he fucking kidding? I'm not the one running at someone like I'm going to kill them! "Shut up!" I shout back.

He pounds on the door again. "Let me in, you turd!"

I grit my teeth, trying to calm down. My body's trembling pathetically, and I dig my nails into my palms to try to get myself to stop. I have to gasp in air a few times before I'm able to say

anything back. "I didn't invite you."

"Yeah, well I'm here anyway. And it's starting to rain so open the freaking door already, dumbass."

I don't want to. This is bad. I don't want him here. What the hell does he want?!

Fuck. I can't handle this. I'm freaking out.

I hear the mailman's truck start. "Kageyama, you're being ridiculous." Even when I hear the mailman drive away, I haven't opened the door. He doesn't say anything for a while, expecting me to act or speak, but I do neither. "Let me in already."

I can't breath. "Just- just hold on, for one second." I manage to say.

I hear him whine. "It's raining Kageyama."

And that's my fault? With a growl, I tear open the door, glaring down at his annoying face and clenching my fists. "Why are you here?!"

He just grins, the package under one arm. "I'm coming in. Your family isn't home, right?" He ignores my death glare and bumps right past me. "Wah~ it's been a long time since I've been over to your house."

I'm going to murder him for ignoring me so blatantly. "_Hinata_" I start, voice low and dangerous.

He doesn't let me talk. "I'm just gonna set this on your counter, mkay?" He does, and looks at my TV, seemingly trying to piss me off by ignoring me. "Paranorman?" He looks at me, smirking. "Really? Sorry for interrupting."

Fucking asshole. "You're really-"

"You gonna shut the door? It's already freezing in here!"

The good thing about him pissing me off; I'm not shaking or blushing at the sight of him. The bad thing about it; I'm pissed off. I slam the door shut, glaring at him the entire time. "What do you think you're doing, bastard?"

He plops down on my couch, completely unaffected by my glare. "Don't be so happy to see me, Kageyama. It's embarrassing."

I growl, leaning back against the door and rubbing my face in my hands. The utter fear of seeing him is being replaced with stress. "I'm going to kill you one day."

He giggles at my threat. "Nah, you need me. I'm pressing play, so get over here."

I don't move, and he does press play. I give it a few more seconds before looking up at him with narrow eyes, trying to figure out what the hell he thinks he's doing. He ignores me and keeps watching the movie, eyes bright. It only makes him seem even more manical to me.

But I give in and sit on the other side of the couch, making it a point to show just how irritated I am in my frown. I see him smile from the corner of my eyes, and I don't think it was because of the movie.

It's already 3 quarters of the way finished, but he doesn't say anything about it. He laughs at all the dumb kid jokes, and gasps at all the "big" moments, getting into it like only an idiot like him would. I pull my legs up onto the couch and lean my head into the arm of it, getting comfy. Hinata's stolen my side of the couch, but he'd probably make fun of me for complaining about it. It's a big couch, so we're not forced to be too close.

The fact that I'm worried about us being close worries me. This is the guy I'm always standing or sitting right next to, always nearly touching or just flat out bumping knees and arms. I don't want that to be messed up with some awkward feelings left over this thing we were going through.

Maybe that's why he was here, to show me that we were still okay and normal. He didn't seem to be freaking out over the bet, and he hadn't made any indication that he was going to bring it up at all, so I was able to relax a bit. Let me emphasize the "bit". I was still glaring at him out of the corner of my eyes every few seconds, ready to defend myself as if he was going to jump me.

The movie ended. It was actually pretty good. One of the characters turned out to be gay, and though it was no big deal, I refused to look at Hinata. Thankfully I don't think he looked at me either.

"So..." I tense at his voice, dreading the movie being over. I don't know what I'm going to do if he brings up the bet. I could feel my heart starting to pick up from his silence. But all he asked was "Got any good games?"

Oh thank god. I let go of a breath I didn't know I'd been holding. "They're on the shelf right there." I nodded my head in the direction. "Pick whatever."

He got up and started to look through them. I stared at his back as he ran his index finger over the cases, reading the names. It was weird to see him just being here, in my house. Usually when he's here, we're carpooling or something for volleyball and we don't hang around. This was different. He'd never just come over to my house before, without a reason.

Well, I guess he did have a reason this time too.

But he wasn't acting like it. He was just sitting here with me, acting like nothing weird was happening. Like he was just hanging out. And that wasn't normal either, because we weren't really "friends". We were rivals and teammates.

"Oh, I haven't played the new Plants Vs Zombies yet." He was talking about Garden Warfare. "Is it fun?"

I was startled when he looked at me for some reason, maybe because I'd been staring at him the entire time and hadn't seen him really

look back at me once. "It's pretty fun."

He grins at me. "Let's play then. You have a second controller, right?"

This was really strange. "Uhm, yeah. Hold on." I pushed myself up and kneeled down in front of my TV, having to reach behind the Xbox to grab the dusty controller. My family didn't ever really play games, so it went unused most of the time. I took it to the kitchen and used a napkin to clean it off.

Hinata was putting the game in, hopping back onto his side when he was done. He sat cross legged on the couch, more near the center than he had been before, but still leaving me plenty of room.

As I stared at him rock back in forth in his spot while waiting for the game to load, I felt the words coming out even though I didn't want to bring it up. "What exactly are you doing here?"

He looked at me, seeming surprised that I wasn't just letting it go, but he wiped the surprised look off his face quickly and acted innocent. "What, I can't come over and just hang out?"

I just narrowed my eyes at him. "Hinata."

He chuckles at my look, looking back at the TV screen. It takes a second for him to answer me, but I wait until he does. "You weren't going to do it, were you." He doesn't phrase it like a question.

I snort as if it's obvious, even though I feel the pressure of my heart start up against my chest again. I struggle to say it though I'm trying to act normal, and it takes too long for me to answer. "No."

He looks at me, eyes unreadable and amber brown. "It's not a big deal, Kageyama. It's just a kiss."

I scrunch my nose at that, and before I can stop myself I'm saying "Bullshit."

He tenses up, losing his cool and whipping his head back to the screen like it'll hide his blush. I'm regretting saying it more than anything I've ever regretted before.

I just admitted that kissing each other was a big deal.
>"Just get over here and play the damn game, stupid
Kageyama!"<p>

But the blush on my face and my quaking fingers make me turn to the kitchen and get a drink of water, dreading walking back over to him. Eventually, I do, before standing in the kitchen gets too weird. I take my spot pressed against the opposite side of the couch. "We should switch controllers, so I can set up the game as player 1."

And we do so. We both flinch when my fingers brush against his, but act like neither of us noticed. I set up the game so we were playing Garden Ops, or the wave levels, me being the sunflower while he was the peashooter, since he'd never played before.

The game is a good distraction, and it makes us talk, me telling him what the different zombie enemies did and what it meant when boss battles came. We only last a few waves the first time, since he'd been getting used to the controls. Our next try, we got a lot farther than I would have thought. We're both pretty animated gamers, yelling at our guys to move faster and freaking out when we see a coffin zombie too close to the base. Hinata starts complaining that I'm leaving him behind when we run to Crazy Dave's flying RV ship thing, and as soon as I get to the area he gets downed, so he's yelling that it's because I'm selfish. With only 25 seconds to go, I'm racing back towards his character while being chased by like 12 different zombies because he's pissed me off, and Hinata's yelling that I'm not going to make it and I'm yelling at him to shut up. I revive him, with 13 seconds left, and we run against the tide of zombies that's doubled in size. We make it with 3 seconds to spare, and we both throw our arms in the air in victory and shout, grinning at each other.

"See, we make a good team!" He says, leaning towards me.

I raise my eyebrows at him. "Are you just now figuring that out? You do realize we're on the same volleyball team?" We are kind of a pair when it comes to volleyball. Kurasuno's "secret weapon".

He laughs. "You know what I mean. We're good at things. We work."

I roll my eyes. "You're dumb. Do you want to play another round? You can switch your class if you want."

And we keep playing, him trying all the different classes. At one point, he starts declaring I suck and I'm useless, so I end up smacking him with the controller. He gets to Crazy Dave's RV before I do and tries to steal my controller to keep me from surviving in retaliation. Instead, he gets killed while trying to wrestle with me, and I leave him without reviving him. We spend an hour or two like this, and I'm having a lot of fun playing with him even though I'd never admit it out loud.

We try a few different games after that, playing a round of Call Of Duty Ghost, which he's much better at than me, and then I show him Diablo 3 since he'd never played Diablo before. He puts on freaking Adventure Time while I put some pizza rolls in the oven, making sure they're practically burnt before taking them out because Hinata demanded it. He insists on rinsing my plate as well as his when he's done, claiming he has to to be a "good guest", since I'm letting him stay. I just remind him that he's an idiot and let him do it.

When he comes back, I'm looking for something other than Adventure Time to watch. "I don't know what you want to do; we could-"

"Kageyama."

"What?" I don't bother looking at him, still looking at TV shows or movies that look decent.

He sits down next to me. Too close. "We're going to get this over with."

"You don't make any sense. Have you ever seen-"

"Kageyama." He says, calling my bluff. Probably because he could see my hands tighten on the controller.

I finally look at him, frustrated. He just looks back at me, unaffected. "We're not doing it."

He sighs. "I'm not going to listen to Tsukishima tease you for the rest of the year and have you be all grumpy because you lost a stupid freaking bet to him. You realize what he's going to say right?" He launches into an imitation of Tsukishima, grinning evilly and acting like he's adjusting his imaginary glasses. "'King was so dumb, taking a bet he couldn't handle, stupid king couldn't even kiss him'--"

>Was he serious?! "That's because it's not just a kiss; it's making out! With you! Do you not understand--"

"We can handle it!" He shouts, glaring at me. "You're freaking out over nothing!"

"It's not _nothing_!" I feel the blush exploding over my face, and watch Hinata's blush do the same as a reaction to seeing mine. "I don't want to mess up our teamwork because of a dumb bet that I don't even care about; Tsukishima can bitch all he likes--"

"No, we're doing this." And suddenly he's grabbing my face. "Right now. So get ready."

I pull back against my arm of the couch, lifting my knees up to put them between us, my heart jumping against my rib cage painfully at his sudden movement as the fire of terror rips through my body again. "_No __**fucking**_ _way, _Hinata--"

But he leaps at me, leaning his body against my knees, grabbing my cheeks again. And before I can even flinch--

His lips are touching mine--

Pressing against me--

He's kissing me--

Fucking Hinata Shouyou is kissing me--

My hands wrap into his hoodie and shove him away so forcefully and so far back into the couch that I actually end up toppling over him, gasping in air while my arms tremble. "Hinata--"

But he's wrapping his arms around my neck and his fingers twist into my hair, and he yanks me down while pulling himself up and he's doing it again--

Pressing us together--

Kissing me--

_Killing _me--

I break the contact again, pulling back from his lips even though his hold on me won't let me go far. My voice sounds like I'm crying, it trembles so much. "This isn't a good idea--"

And his eyes are glaring at me, looking gold with the way the light was hitting them. "Kageyama just shut your fucking-"

"We can't do this-"

"Just ****kiss**** me, you dumb stupid freaking-"

"Hinata-" And his name comes out of me, sounding breathless and desperate, and then I'm the one who's pressing him back into the couch, our eyes squeezed shut as if we're in pain, our noses digging into each other cheeks as our lips move against each others-

And I've never kissed anyone before but I feel right-

And it's Hinata, I'm kissing Hinata, he's kissing me-

And then I'm pulling back the pressure on him and my eyes open slightly to see him doing the same, and I'm looking at his brown eyes and they're full of that demand for me to do it again so I am-

And his lips are parting, and his tongue is cold when it flicks against my lips. It makes me flinch, and I don't know what to do so I part my lips as well, hesitantly deciding to run my own tongue over his bottom lip lightly. I feel his fingers pull at my hair and his body rise up and brush against mine, which I am totally not prepared for. Feeling Hinata arch himself up against me makes noises come out of my mouth that I didn't even know I could make.

And then his lips are open wider and we're suddenly touching our tongues together and it's so freaking weird but it feels so good at the same time. It's leaving this white hot burning need in my chest to get closer, to get more of him.

And I'm curling into his mouth carefully, sliding against him and he's making noises too, raspy and whining noises like I'm torturing him- and oh my god he sounds so damn sexual I can feel myself losing my mind. I push my body down to press into his and he lifts up to meet me and he moans as I taste the inside of his cheeks-

And all I can think is that he feels so good, that he tasted so good, sounds so good. And we're grinding against each other in his mouth and our chests and legs press and slide against each other. I wrap my hands in his hair and tug his head back so I can get more access to his mouth. He's gasping in air and whimpering at me as he pulls me back, sliding his tongue into mine hungrily.

And we kiss and taste and feel and sigh into each other, making it last way longer than 15 seconds. Somewhere in the back of my head the terror that we're screwing up is still scaring the shit out of me, but I can't hear that part of me. All I can hear is Hinata fucking moaning like that; holy fuck-

And it's freaking Hinata- obnoxious, short, wild Hinata-

I tear away from him, scrambling back to the other side of the couch, sucking in air. I hadn't breathed fully in so long my head had been getting hazy. Hinata is breathing just as madly, not moving from his spot on the couch.

If he had moved, I'm sure I would've ran for the door. I stare at him, the reality of what we'd been doing hitting me fully. The grinding, the moaning, how hungry our mouths were for each other-

That wasn't normal. Not for people who weren't supposed to be attracted to each other. Not for us.

Now my breathing was ragged because of situation, rather than a lack of air. My heart seemed to have jagged edges that stabbed my chest every time it beat. And when he pushed himself up to look at me, I couldn't look away. And we're just staring at each other.

After the long silence started to make it hard for me to get air again, I swallowed, my throat burning, and looked away from him to the TV screen. "Told you it wouldn't be nothing." I managed to say, voice raspy and uneven.

He laughed at that, sitting up fully. "No kidding." He said, sounding kind of dazed, or maybe amazed. "I totally didn't expect... I didn't expect you to get into it like that."

I felt my face flush again at that, but I turn my glare at him anyway and act like I'm not bright red. He stares back at me with bright wide eyes, all innocent like he's shocked at my behavior. It pisses me off. "You're really going to give me shit? Did you hear yourself?"

"Wha- _you __**bastard**_!" His voice cracks and he loses his composure, turning way redder than me. He points accusingly in my face. "That was a total cheap shot!"

"Well, it's true! You were so-"

"Shut _up_!" He screeches at me, looking like he's ready to tackle me. "It totally turned you on; don't try to act like he didn't!"

"_**Hinata**_!" I cry, now turning as red as him. And the worst part was that it was completely true; my body was painfully awake. Which I was determined to calm down if he would freaking let me!

We both stare at each other, panicking. I can't believe we did it. I can't believe it got that bad.

What the fuck is happening.

6. Chapter 6

Hinata's pov

Shit shit shit- everything just kept escalating. I'd been irritated that Kageyama was refusing to kiss me, but I never imagined pushing him would cause _that _to freaking happen! I never thought he would feel that good, making my body quiver with excitement and beg for more of him.

And now we were just staring at each other, struggling to stay sane. My whole body is still hot from him. I'd never think he'd be the one

to make me feel like this; like I'm losing control.

It's freaking Kageyama! Whose dark blue eyes and deep red cheeks are clashing right now. He's freaking terrified of me. I'm terrified what he just did to me.

I mean, I was the one to initiate that shit. I did sort of lose my mind when I accepted the fact that he wasn't going to go through with the bet, and before I knew it I was biking across town to kick his ass. And then as soon as I saw him, all I wanted to do was feel what it would be like to kiss him.

But damn, the reluctance to be near me turned into him grabbing me like that and gasping at my touch and movements like I was driving him crazy. I didn't think I'd ever see Kageyama like that, especially over kissing _me_. Pushing me back into the couch and tantalizing me with his tongue like that, his hand sliding through my hair to pull my head back so he could taste me even more-

We've been staring for too long. He's glaring at me because I called him out on being turned on, and I'm glaring cause he called me out on moaning. And both of us look like someone spilt red paint on our faces.

>Finally, he flinches away his eyes, releasing me. "You-you should probably go." He says, the words coming out strangled.
My hands ball into my sweats, clenching painfully, and I feel my body bristle. "Are you kidding?! You're kicking me out?!"

He flips back to me, alarmed. "No! I-I just thought-"

"Coward!" I shout at him. My chest burns at his stupid scared look, so I push myself up from the couch, ready to slam open his door and run to my bike-

Before I can take two steps he leaps up and topples into me, sending us both crashing into his carpet. "That's not what I meant, dumbass!" He shouts, quickly untangling us, sitting up and shoving away from me.

I sit up as well and glare back at him. "Then what the hell did you mean?!"

His lips press together, and he looks down at his hands that are twisting into his sweats, looking completely flustered. "I don't- I don't know!"

I groan, throwing myself back into the carpet and rubbing my palms into me face. "You don't make any sense! You asshole!" I can't calm down. He's driving me insane.

>He's quiet at that, other than his breathing. For a while he doesn't say anything. Probably because we need a second to stop freaking out. When he eventually does, he sounds a lot less worked-up. "You're so dumb."<p>

"Shut up." It comes out sounding exhausted, and I refuse to sit up just yet. We sit there for another moment without doing anything other than breathing and trying to calm our stupid hearts.

>Him telling me I should leave had hurt me more than I thought it would have. Him tackling me to the ground also hurt, but in a different way. It's not like I'm not used to his brutish tendencies

to chuck volleyballs at the back of my head when I'm spacing out, or how he always squeezes my head when I tease him. He's freaking weird.<p>

I hear him sigh, then hear him stand up. "Pick a movie or something." He growls at me, leaving me on the floor to flop down on the couch again.

>I sigh as well, and push myself up, scooping up the controller as I fall into my spot. Far away from him. We don't say anything as I scroll, looking for something I recognize.<p>

Which isn't much. I have no clue what to put on. What had just happened was still making me feel like the world was tilting, and I could hardly pay attention to the screen. Kageyama shifts restlessly beside me, which is usually my habit. I'm hyper aware of his actions, and it's annoying.

He finally loses it when I can't decide. "Just pick something!" He blurts out.

>I throw the controller at him. "I don't know what to pick!"<p>

He throws it back. "Anything; I don't care!"

>It hits him in the knee when I chuck it again. "You choose!"<p>

"Fine!" He spits, snatching it up dramatically.

"Stupid!"

"Moron!"

He flies through the action/adventure and selects The Avengers. "See, not hard." He makes a point of saying, sending me a dirty look as he tosses the controller between us.

I just stick my tongue out at him and "bleh~". He huffs and ignores me.

I've already seen The Avengers- who hasn't. But it's a good movie, the type you'd enjoy watching a seconds time as much as you did watching it for the first time.

"Mm, Kageyama." I mutter after a while, eyes still on the screen.

"What."

"Who's your favorite superhero?"

"That's a dumb question."

"Is not! Just answer!"

He huffs again. "Iron man, I guess."

Understandable, Iron man was freaking badass. "Yeah. In this movie, I like the Hulk. He has the best part."

"True. Now shut up and watch it."

Maybe 5 minutes pass by before I'm talking again. Maybe because I

don't like letting us stay silent. "Favorite super villain?"

"That's even dumber!"

"You're dumb!"

I continue quizzing him throughout the movie, his favorite movie, his favorite game, his favorite characters. He threatens to strangle me, so eventually I give up. Later, he almost does strangle me when he asks if I want a glass of water and I tell him to shut up because we were at a good part.

>Messing around with him feels good.<p>

When the movie ends, we're in the middle of arguing about our last volleyball practice, since we always end up talking about volleyball. "You just about completely ignored me on Friday! You only sent tosses to Asahi-san and Tanaka-sempai!" Which was true. Usually we get a lot of time to mess around together on the court. Often we stay later than the others, until Sugawara-san needs to close the gym. Once Daichi-san actually dragged us out when we were so immersed in doing rapid quicks that we didn't hear either of them repeatedly telling us it was time to go.

>"We don't need as much practice, and you needed to be working on your receives with Daichi-san and Nishinoya anyway."<p>

"But I want your tosses, and you know that!"

He looks down, like my words make him uncomfortable. "It's not like I'm going anywhere. It was just one practice."

But I didn't want to let him off the hook. "Nope, you owe me." I grab his arm, which makes him flinch but I pretend not to notice. "Let's play."

>He looks at me like I'm crazy. "It's raining outside, blockhead! And it's late anyway, so you should go." He suddenly gets flustered again, like he's afraid I'm going to get upset like earlier. "I mean, cause it's late and not cause- I-I mean it makes sense-"
"Let me stay the night."

His blue eyes get wide. "Hinata-"

I don't want to hear it. My heart was already pounding at my own words. Staying the night with him? After what we just did? I needed to change the subject, so I do. "And rain won't kill us, you wuss!"

>He takes the bait easily, probably grateful. "What?! We'll get sick!"
"That's totally a myth! I've had to bike in the rain before and I never got sick-"

"Then you were lucky-"

"Come on, Kageyama~" I whine his name, shaking the arm I still have a hold on. "It'll be fun. Turning down a chance to play volleyball is so not you."

He bites his lip. Lips that I had been- nope. I'm ignoring that.

"It's an idiotic idea-"

>"Kageyama, you know you want to." I lean closer out of habit, and pretend it doesn't feel different to be close to him. "Play me."
He looks frustrated, and a little tense at my closeness. He

glares at me, but I stare right back.

I don't really get why, but I desperately need him to play volleyball with me.

He then opens his mouth and closes it, looking down again. When he does speak, his voice is reluctant and pissy. "Only for a little bit then. Since it's the only way to shut you up."

"Yes!" I grin and punch the air, rocking back on the couch and releasing his arm.

>"Shut up." He shoves off the couch, heading for what I'm guessing is his room. For a second, I freeze up. I've never seen his room. It feels like I shouldn't follow him.
But I shake it off. I'm too curious, and I'm trying really hard to not let us be awkward.

I need us not to be awkward.

I stick close to him, excited to see more of his house other than his living room. When we do get to his room, I'm a little disappointed to see that it's pretty normal. "Oh~" I mutter to myself, leaning against his doorway and peering around tentatively. It's very tidy except for what looks like homework papers scattered over his desk. It's not really decorated, and he has a lot of blue stuff.

>He looks at me over his shoulder when I make the noise, volleyball already scooped off his dresser and under his arm. "What?" He huffs, eyes narrow. Very blue eyes.
I tap my fingers on his door frame. "Nothing, just... never been in your room."

He scoffs and discards me, opening his dresser. He proceeds to pull out two hoodies, and chucks one at me. "If we're really doing this, put that on."

I grin at his glare and pull it on. It's way too big so I have to bunch back the sleeves, which will probably hinder me while playing volleyball, but I don't really care. "Alright Kageyama," I bounce on my heels and stretch my arms out in front of me, looking up at him "Let's..." But the words die on my lips at his face, which he quickly hides by turning his back to me. He ignores me staring at him and pulls on his own hoodie, fumbling with it to give him time.

>It had been faint, but... the bastard was... blushing?
"What-Kageyama-" He turns around quickly, keeping his head down and pushing me into the door frame to squeeze past me. Which makes me feel hot, because for a split second we'd been awkwardly pressed against each other. Again.

"You coming or not?!" He growls, already turning a corner and refusing to look back at me. His accusation doesn't make much sense since I hadn't been holding us up at all, but I get the feeling he just doesn't want me to say anything.

>He should know better. I dart around the corner and point, while he shoves his feet in his shoes hastily. "Why were you-"
He glares flashes to me, blue eyes dark. "Hurry up. My parents will be home soon-"

I'm still moving toward him. "You were blushing-"

>He yanks open the door too loudly. "Were only doing this for a few minutes-"<p>

"Kageyama-" I reach for him, to grab his arm or something, but he

grabs my wrist instead, stopping me in my tracks as I meet his eyes up close.

>The rain is being blown into the doorway, and I still don't have shoes on, and- not for the first time- the height distance between us causes me to tilt my head up to meet his eyes. Which are so very very blue. Dark, angry blue. Mesmerizing blue.
"Just shut up." He barks, fingers squeezing my wrist over my bunched up hoodie sleeves. We're close, but it's not like we're invading each others space. It's not like this is an intimate moment, in any way.

>For some reason, I'm not breathing.
He releases me and marches out his door into the dark rain, yanking up his hood. Thunder rolls in the sky, telling me just how heavy the storm was becoming. It was already 8, and the black clouds blocked out any light the stars and moon would have given us.

Breath, Shouyou.

I make myself move, leaning down to push my feet into my shoes as well, and take off after him, making sure to close his front door. He's just in his side yard, waiting for me. There's a light on the side of his house that allows us to see, though the rain is pelting down so hard it hardly helps.

>He spins the ball in his hands as I get into position. "Returning. Sets." And then he's using his fingertips to send it into the air, arching high. Instantly my body prepares for it, but I know from experience that playing volleyball outside is different from being inside a gym. I make myself sit still and watch the wind take it far to the left, straining to see through the rain and darkness, before darting after it. Sending it back to him is tricky, since the ball is now slick with rain and the wind will fight me as well. But I press my fingertips into the ball and shove, managing to get it in his direction. It's lost its momentum almost completely, so Kageyama has to catch it. But he sends it into the air again, this time letting the wind take it even more, which I know he's doing on purpose to make me run after it even harder. I do, shoes sliding against the wet grass.
I miss the toss, slip on the ground, and set it in the wrong direction way more than I manage to complete a successful receive and return. But I just yell "One more!" over the storm, and he gives me another toss. I get a much harder workout from this, but Kageyama gets his fair share of running to catch the ball when my return is off. So after 40 minutes of playing, we're both gasping in air and sweating even though the rain and wind is frigid.

He yells "Last one!" and sends the ball into the air again. My body is so worn out that I'm sure I'm going to miss it, but I throw myself back and manage to make contact without falling down. The return is too high over his head, but he vaults into the air to catch it like he's doing a jump serve, arms stretching into the sky.

>And I'm just thinking, everyone always says I'm the one who flies. But sometimes, I swear Kageyama is the one with wings.

His back hits the ground with a thud, unable to stick a landing on this grass. I run to him and lean over, my lungs burning. He's panting like me, holding up the ball to shield his face from the rain.

He squints an eye at me as I pull a grin, and then flings the ball into my face, which backfires because my face sends it right back into his. We both groan and hold out bruised noses, me leaning away from him as he rolls onto his side.

"Jerk!" I whine, rubbing it between my hands.
>"Asshole." He growls, doing the same.<p>

Eventually we head back to the front door. We're completely soaked and it's a lot colder than I remember it being a minute ago, since I wasn't chasing after a volleyball anymore. We both take off the hoodies and our shoes before heading inside, and Kageyama makes me run to the bathroom and tells me not to move. When he comes back, he has towels and isn't wearing his soaked clothes anymore. "You didn't think about bringing clothes or your schoolwork, did you?" He asks.

>I laugh sheepishly and rub the back of my neck. "I never really thought I'd ever be staying the night at your house, so..."
He looks away quickly and throws a towel at me. "You can wear something of mine and head back to your house early in the morning, before school. My parents said it was okay."
>"Mine did too." He shows me how his shower nozzles work and which soaps and conditioners to use. Then he practically runs out the bathroom.
God, this is so weird. I'm actually hanging out at Kageyama's house.

Strange feelings twist my gut as I turn on the shower and pull my wet clothes from my skin. I race to get into the warm water, since being naked in his house is freaking me out and making me blush even though I'm just in the bathroom.

The shower water let's my body relax, for a split second.

And then I'm remembering how we kissed, and my heart is going nuts again. I try to stop picturing it, how he'd looked terrified and said my name breathlessly and desperately, fighting against me. And then the way he suddenly gave into me. How tentative yet eager his tongue had pressed into mine, getting braver and exploring more with each noise that came out of my mouth. Noises that I'd never made before, that I didn't know I could make. He'd just tasted and felt so damn good.

When I step out and wrap myself in the towel, I realize he didn't bring the clothes I was supposed to wear into the bathroom. "Idiot!" I hiss quietly to myself. I shouldn't be nervous about seeing him with just a towel on. Hell, we'd taken baths together before, when the volleyball team went to that inn for training camp. We'd been around each other completely naked. So there was no reason for me to get worked up over this.

>Telling myself that didn't help calm me down. But I pretended my heart wasn't pounding and made myself open the door, dashing across his hallway to his room.<p>

I don't let myself hesitate as I pull the door open, barging in.

>Straight into Kageyama.<p>

7. Chapter 7

Kageyama's pov

Hinata's in my shower.

I keep telling myself that it's not a big deal, but nonetheless my hands are still shaking.

I don't know what's wrong with me. Ever since he'd kissed me, it'd been hard to look at him. Even when he just put on my hoodie earlier, I'd overheated at the sight of his tiny figure in the too-big hoodie. Because for a moment, I couldn't stop myself from thinking, _he's cute_. And then the bastard caught me blushing.

This was all because of the kiss. Was it normal to be this effected by kissing someone? It was my first, after all.

But thinking "he's cute" out of the blue, like it was nothing?! I was losing it.

I sit on my bed, rubbing my face in my hands. I've picked out some clothes he could sleep in, and gotten him extra blankets and pillows so he could sleep comfortably on the floor. I was also prepared to jump in the shower when he gets out, wanting to avoid him as much as possible for a little while.

Because it was Hinata that was making me feel like this, of all people. I'm not supposed to get this worked up over someone like him. For one, he's a freaking guy. Two, he's my teammate.

Three, he's fucking Hinata. Loud, irritating, energetic and idiotic. I have no idea how in the world I've gotten paired with someone like him in the first place. How he ended up being my first kiss, and staying the night at my house.

What was even happening. We'd been acting normal ever since the out of control scene on the couch, but it wasn't the same as before. Being around him was making me tense and unstable, when before, though we get fired up over competing and arguing over dumb things, he was one of the only people I could just "let go" with.

Did we screw that up with Tsukishima's bet? Did making out with him ruin our ability to just be us?

I groan. I'm freaking out over nothing, probably. It had only been a few hours since it had happened anyway. Of course I'm still tense around him. In time, I'm sure we'll be back to normal. I mean, we were still able to play volleyball together. Maybe that was why he'd wanted to play me, to prove to me that we were still the same.

But wow, Hinata seemed to be handling this whole situation really well. He hardly seemed fazed by me, while every thing he did was on my radar and putting me on high alert. Maybe making out with him really wasn't as big of a deal as I was making it out to be. I just need to get a grip.

My throat's dry from our volleyball session earlier, so I figure I'll go get some water. I push myself up, yearning for that shower so I could wash off all this sweat from volleyball. My hand reaches for my doorknob-

And it busts open before I can reach it, and I'm suddenly hitting the floor hard. I'm dazed and on my back, and he's-

He's on top of me.

In nothing but a towel.

I only catch a glimpse of his face- his eyes are humongous and flooded with embarrassment, his blush is the deepest red yet, and his lips are quivering- before he's darting back and hitting my door frame with a force that makes him wince, and he's breathing loudly and his hair is wild and wet and the towel is loose and has slipped down to his hips and with the way he's positioned his thighs are revealed and he's staring at me and he's so scared and I can't-

On auto, my hands bunch into my comforter on my bed beside me and rip it off, and I'm pouncing forward at him with the full-sized blanket, smothering him with it before he can move. "_**Hinataboke!**_" I cry, burying him completely against the wall.

His leg kicks out at my chest, trying to push me away, but I only press the comforter down harder. He's struggling underneath me and manages to break one arm free, which he uses to pull the comforter off his head. He surfaces like I'd been drowning him underwater, and his face is way too close to mine. "_Kage_"

"_Idiot_"

"_Y-you're_ the idiot, idiot!" He shouts back, voice just as distressed. And his trembling lips are so close- and I'm painfully aware of his moving body underneath mine- "Get off!"

I do, bolting backwards. And then we're on the ground, staring at each other _again_-

He looks so small under the huge blanket, and he squirms to sit upwards and his shoulders are free and I'm reminded that he's _not_ wearing any clothes under my blanket_-

I scramble up, snatching my pile of clothes and towel from my desk and dashing out the door, not slowing until I slam the bathroom door behind me.

I lean against the door and press a hand to my mouth, hard, hugging the clothes in my other arm forcefully against my raging chest, wanting to scream. God, this was bad. The way he'd looked, it had made me want-

Oh man.

I push myself off the door and turn the shower on forcefully, stripping quickly and pushing myself into the water. Then I lean my head against the wall and try to get myself to breath.

_Relax, damnit. _But I can't seem to calm down. I squeeze my eyes shut, digging my nails into my palm. I keep remembering him arching up into me, the pressure of his body sliding against mine. So sensual and raw, like nothing I'd ever felt before. The way his mouth had tasted cool and refreshing, making me want more. The way the sight of that towel sliding up his legs and revealing more of his thighs, his bright huge eyes staring at me-

Fucking hell. I press my head against the shower wall harder, like that'll help, gritting my teeth. Once again, I could feel my blood

pulsing and rushing to a place that was hard to admit even in my own head. I just can't even think it- it's too fucking much.

But it's happening regardless, and trying to ignore it was not helping the issue. I can't stop seeing Hinata behind my closed eyes, and it was making my- ahhg.

M-my-

He was... making me hard.

Quickly at the confession in my own head I turn the shower nozzle till its on freezing cold, hissing when it hits me. But I need it to stop, I need to stop thinking about Hinata like this. He's in my goddamn bedroom right now-

This is so bad.

But thankfully the cold water helps a lot and works quickly, and I'm able to get control again though I'm still tense. I force myself to wash myself down and go through the motions, though images of Hinata never stop. I'm so pissed with myself, with the situation. How the hell had all of this even _started?_ My handle over the my feelings-over _anything,_ was practically non-existent at this point. It's fucking terrifying. I keep hearing Hinata's voice, saying "_It's not a big deal Kageyama. It's just a kiss._" And, just as the moment he'd said it, I feel myself laugh cruelly and mutter "Bullshit" to myself. I stay in the shower for a good forty minutes before I force myself to get out.

The sound of the shower turning off and leaving me in quiet dripping sends my heart pounding again as a dry off. But I have to face him sometime.

I get dressed into my sleeping pants and soft T-shirt, pulling everything on in almost an angry way. My body is tense and still a little shaky, and it makes my movements jerky and hasty. Even after a 45 minute cold shower, I'm still a wreck when I finally open the door. I'm almost in a trance when I move to my bedroom door, which is closed, and for a split moment my hand freezes on the handle and I feel my eyes go wide as my heart constricts again. _He's behind this door_.

But I'm being stupid. I know I'm being stupid, and it makes me feel that strange fear/anger thing again. He's Hinata. My rival, my teammate. An annoying idiot. Just Hinata, the same Hinata as always. A Hinata I'm more comfortable with than anyone I've ever met before. I'm not letting these damn feelings take that away from me.

The thought makes my heart calm down a bit, and I take a breath before pushing the door open. Nothing was going to change us, I'd make sure of that.

Especially not the sight of his sitting cross legged in the pile of blankets I'd pulled out for him, in my clothes that were way too big for him, turning to look up at me with those damn big eyes. But in spite of my determination, I feel myself freeze up _again_, no matter how much I don't want to.

But he breaks it. "Ah, I thought you'd died in there."

Fucking ass. I glare at him, closing the door behind myself. "Shut up moron."

Then of all things he has to fucking grin at me. Thankfully he turns away quickly, giving me a second to catch my breath. Despite how much I'd wanted to avoid him and how I'd been reluctant to see him, seeing him grin at me and tease me so easily makes my chest tighten in a strange happiness. And for some reason that, happiness also irritates the hell out of me.

Hinata's effect on me makes no damn sense.

I move to sit on my bed, which is against the wall opposite of the door, and Hinata's laid out his bedding alongside my bed between that area so I have to step around it. I hear him chuckle when I plop down.

I turn to see what he's laughing at when I realize he has my lap top. How I hadn't noticed sooner is a mystery. "How the hell did you guess my password?"

I lean over the edge to see he's browsing some sight with comics- I don't recognize it. He looks up at me, eyes glowing. He seems very happy. It's annoying. "It's not hard to figure out "HQ", Kageyama. Don't worry, I didn't go through your dirty pictures or anything."

I lean farther and almost fall off the bed snatching it away from his lap. "Like I'd have dirty pictures on it, you pervert!" I growl, flustered.

He just laughs and falls back into his bedding, closing his eyes and smiling. "Tsukishima would die if he realized your password was about volleyball. You're so predictable, baka Kageyama."

The mention of Tsukishima makes me grimace. "Well, I bet yours is "small giant" or something stupid like that." I spit in defense of myself.

His eyes fly open, startled. "How did you know?!"

"Wha- of freaking _course_-"

"Shut up!" He points up at me from his position laying on the ground, blushing. "I guessed yours on the second try, so you have no right to talk!"

"I guessed yours on the first! And I wasn't even trying!" I yowl back. He shrinks a bit at that, still blushing and pressing his lips together, embarrassed. Against all rationality, I still can't help but think he's cute. I whip my head away, focusing on the computer before the thought can get to me. "What were you doing on this thing anyway?"

He drops his arm he'd been pointing. "I dunno, you took so long I got bored. Do you normally take showers that long?"

I "Ch" quietly, annoyed he's asking me, since the reason I'd been in the shower that long was because of him. I scroll on the cite without looking at it, too distracted with trying not to react. "What's so

weird about that?" I say lamely, not thinking of anything else to say.

"Ooh~, so Kageyama like's long showers." He rolls to his side, facing toward my bed. "He also likes girly smelling shampoo."

My head flips toward him. "_What_-" But I'm cut off by a sneeze that strikes me swiftly. When I raise my head, I rub my nose with my hand, glaring at him vividly.

His eyes get wide. "Ah, Kageyama- are you getting sick?!" He sounds half excited, half in disbelief. He points again. "No way!" Okay, definitely too excited. He's smiling.

The murderous feeling is back. "_You _were the one who fucking said the rain wouldn't make us sick-"

"Well, _I'm _not sick-"

"And what the hell were you saying about my shampoo smell-"

"Maybe you're sick cause you're an idiot-"

"_That doesn't make sense_-" Then I stop mid sentence, recalling how the majority of my shower had been cold. The thought hits me hard.

Hinata pushes himself up, crawling over to the side of the bed beside me and raising himself on his knees. "Wow, he's finally accepting it." Before I realize what he's doing he's pulled away the hand from my nose with one hand and tapping it lightly with the other.

"Wha-"

"That Kageyama's an idiot." He cocks his head to the side and smiles brightly at me, radiating innocence.

"_Hinata_-" Meanwhile, I'm radiating the intent to kill. With my free hand that's not being held by Hinata's small grip, I grab his head much like I do on the court when he pisses me off, eyes going into that furious blank look that freaks him out.

Hinata's smile quickly is replaced by his familiar look of terror and he snatches his hand back from my nose, mouth quivering. "_Waah_~ I take it back Kagey_ama~" _He whines as I squeeze, body going stiff. He shuts his eyes. "I'm sorry, sorry, I'm _sorryyy_-"

I loosen my grip but don't remove my hand from his head. He hasn't let go of my wrist either, and is squeezing it just as hard as I'd been squeezing his head, though he doesn't seem to realize it and it has little effect since his hands are so small. He squints open one eye first, lips parted carefully and letting his body relax slowly when he realizes I don't have the intent to kill anymore. When he opens both eyes, he gives me a cautious strange look. "Um, Kageyama?"

I'm unable to move. I'm unable to look away. It's the strangest position, my hand in his hair, my wrist in his hand, me leaning to the edge of my bed while he sits up on his knees to reach me. His

free hand that he'd retracted from my nose is curled in front of his chest from when he'd been cowering from me, and he clenches it and swallows when I continue to stare at him, a blank feeling setting into me, eyes big and worried, sort of confused.

He really is the cutest thing.

I blush lightly at that, eyes falling half mast. His hair is so soft, and I can't stop staring at his slightly parted lips and the beautiful strange light brown that is unique to his eyes, and the way his hand tightens against my wrist feels comforting somehow. I can feel all the tension leaving me, and all I can think is-

Hinata.

"Ka-Kageyama-" He's blushing now too, probably because of the way I'm staring at him. He squirms and looks thoroughly confused and needy at the same time. "What is it? O-oi..."

His voice is the worst thing. I remember how I used to find it slightly annoying; now I just want to hear him talk. I want to hear him scream and get excited, pout and whine at me, sing his stupid songs, tease me, say my name, call for my toss. I want to hear him make those noises he had been making when we'd been on the couch earlier today. Definitely that last one.

God, I love his voice.

The effortless thought causes me to stiffen immediately and I feel my eyes go wide, shoving his head back with probably too much force as I rip out of his grasp. He yowls, flailing backwards, and I push myself away from the edge of the bed.

"What the hell Kageyama?!" He snaps, pushing himself back up, still dusted red. He looks pissed off and flustered, a good looking combination on Hinata.

I ignore that, glaring at him before getting under my covers. "We have school tomorrow morning and it's 11. I'm going to sleep."

"What- why the hell were you staring-"

I keep getting situated. "No more talking, sleep."

"OI I'M TALKING TO YOU BAKA-"

"Quiet, you'll bother my parents-"

"_Then don't fucking ignore-_" I reach over and shut off the light. "_Goddamnit stupid Kageyama!_" He stage whispers at me angrily.

"Shut up airhead." I groan, squirming in my spot. I cough once lightly, but it still makes me grimace. I sure as hell better not be sick.

"You're the worst." I can hear him squirming around angrily in his covers.

"You're the stupidest." I mutter back, already feeling the exhaustion from today setting in.

"What a stupid insult."

"What a stupid mouth."

He actually laughs at that one. "You seemed to like my mouth."

I takes me a second to realize what he'd said. My relaxed sleepy body is instantly flings over to the edge of the bed and I'm practically screaming "_**HINATA**_" He's now busting up laughing, rolling back and forth and covering his face as I stare at him horrified in utter disbelief. "_YOU FUCKING-_"

He pounces up at me, covering my mouth with his hand. "Shu-shush, I don't want your parents to hate me." He's grinning from ear to ear, voice filled with suppressed laughter, eyes bright and ecstatic even in the dark. All I can think is, _he's fearless_. He can't hold in the laughter for long though and he falls back to shove his face into a pillow, shoulders shaking.

I can't believe him. He not only blatantly brought it up, he _made a fucking joke about it_

I throw myself back into the bed, wrapping into my covers hastily, flushed. "Goddamnit Hinata." I grumble, mostly to myself.

He hears me, and I head him rolling over, sighing and calming his laughter. "Ah, sorry sorry. Couldn't help it."

I just scoff at him, burrowing further into my blanket. I don't know what to say- him saying that had almost caused me to jump down on him. To do what? I'm not sure. ...But that's a lie.

I realize I've given Hinata my favorite pillow, which makes me think of telling him to just get on the bed, but the thought makes my heart pick up and I know that's not a good idea if I ever want to actually sleep. Instead, I just growl. "Go to sleep."

"Mm, Kageyama?" He sounds sleepy.

"What?" I sound even more tired.

"Goodniight~"

"Stupid dork." I spit automatically. A moment passes before I grumpily add a short "Night."

He laughs softly, happily.

That's the last sound I hear from him as we both drift off.

End
file.